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COMMUNITY OF INTEREST.

THE "cold charity" of the world, of which we hear so much, is but another expression for the prevalent idea of its selfishness, or of the universal distrust in its disinterestedness. When opinions have obtained a prevalency so universal from the sanction of the experience of age, the truth of their foundation is established with the force of an irresistible argument. In treating of this, as of most subjects which involve a common interest, and admit of a wide application, we are apt, either through sincerity or a desire to be eccentric, to run to opposite extremes, and overshadow the light of truth with the cloud of hostile arrows sent in defence of our favorite theories. That the sympathies of the world commonly derive their warmth and life from the bosom of its interest; that human nature bends its will, its energies, and its desires within, to the security of selfish purposes, is a fact too universally attested by experience, and too clearly exemplified in the daily occurrences of life, to admit even of doubt, much less of denial. This general truth, however, has been to some the road to error. They have studied the rule, but overlooked the exceptions, and rejecting the aid of that practical experience, which to theory, like reason to the imagination, is ever prepared to bring up its corrections and modifications, they have asserted self-love, as the source of all

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the feelings, sentiments and emotions, of which human nature is capable. That *this* should be true, is to allow to "self-love" a latitude of meaning of which it does not properly admit. It is attributing to secondary and improbable, the effect of primary and efficient causes. It is denying to the world the action and influence of expanded and liberal views. It is denying to the soul the capability of high and fervent impulses, of noble generous feelings. It chills and buries that enthusiasm which so oft has given to action its golden tinge, imparted to hope its vivid hue, lent to every sympathetic impulse the fervid heat of its own nature, and revealed to man the mortal, the secret of *immortal worth*. In short, it makes man but a machine of cold calculation, sordid, soulless, lifeless. We know from experience, that between insult and anger, men generally find but little time and less inclination, to reason coolly upon the methods of procedure or calmly speculate upon the consequences of hasty revenge. Who stops in such moments to calculate the advantages likely to be derived from, or the evils to be entailed by deeds sprung burning from the fire of passion? The most that can be said of it is, 'tis *natural*. It is the native vehemence of indomitable passion. It is the violent outbreak of an indignant soul. It is the thrilling impulse of keen, innate sensibility disturbed. A similar connection exists between favor and friendship, between sympathy and suffering. No sordid calculation impels us to deeds of charity or acts of benevolence. No cold speculation rushes to relieve the expiring agonies of the dying. No mean and selfish motive prompts the rising sigh, or guides the falling tear to the bier of departed friends. Human nature fallen and corrupt as it is, has yet some redeeming qualities left. Some traces of its former beauty and perfection still linger with us. Some ideal of immortal splendor, yet dazzles in the distance and a celestial radiance sometimes discloses to the pure and majestic soul, the path to what is noble, good and great. The theory is to a great extent however, true, and gives assurance of the fact, that the ties of interest are among the most powerful, superseding in many instances the strength of natural feeling and affection, and that a *Community of Interest*

is the most reliable bond of national security. To prove the truth of this assertion, it is only necessary to consider the tendency of individual desire, or those natural motives which give character, to his exertions, when left independent of the will of others, and then observe how far this natural tendency is controlled or modified by the influence of society. The motives, which would induce man to act when freed from restraint, and left isolated, would be the maintenance of life, personal security, and the search of comfort by whatever means seemed to him best adapted to his purposes. He is his only arbiter, his judgment, his only counselor, his will, the only law. He is free, free to roam, free to act unannoyed by fear of incurring the penalty of violated regulations. This right of preservation is not only man's natural right, but his paramount duty. This is the law which God implanted in our nature, in order to the preservation of life and the security of happiness, and it is this law, which becomes in its perversion, the despotic power that sways a miser's heart, and plants its iron heel upon the head of the world's noblest and purest forms of loveliness and virtue. In becoming a member of society, we surrender a natural right for the privilege of securing an important interest. We yield to the laws and regulations of society our *natural right* to unrestrained freedom, and the power of imposing our own judgments, for the privilege of *protection*, and whatever other advantages society may confer. And thus it is, whatever be our voluntary sacrifice it is laid upon the *altar of our interest*, illustrating still the tendency of human desire and action. The laws of society are but the *expressed will* of a majority of its members, for the purpose of controlling mutually, and preventing the encroachments of one, upon the rights of another. The *rule* of individual action is the *will* of that individual, and so the combined *will* of the members of society as expressed in its *laws*, become the *rule* of its action, and this *will*, it should be remarked, is ever the subject of our real or supposed interest. Thus it is, interest becomes the guide and law to action. Thus it is, interest rules communities. Thus it is, she builds up thrones and tears down governments, overthrows kingdoms, and

plunges empires amid the bloody chaos of revolution. Society or government, has nothing to fear from foes within, so long as controlling unity harmonizes its *interests* and thus directs in a parallel course the energies and impulses of its members. Different shades and colors, or even apparent diversities may mark their *interest*, but like the confluence of many waters tending the same course, they mingle, assimilate and reduce to a consistent hue as they rush rapidly on to their common ocean-home. Contentions may arise, party jealousy and rancor may spring up and spread abroad their evil influence, but they cease, ere they venture upon the sacrifice of high and holy interest. But when there occurs the conflict of opposing interests, sufficient to counteract the binding effect of the mutual and primary interest which brought society into existence, then the danger to be dreaded is neither feigned, nor fancied. The ties of its *unity* are then dissolved. The basis of its concord and harmony is shaken and diverging energies with furious might, will drive asunder the fragments of a floating wreck. There is no higher bond of unity. All other bonds are subordinate and comparatively unimportant, sacred though they be. Neither the dictates of reason, nor the obligations of our moral nature enjoin upon us the resignation of our rights and interest. It is but cowardice, but a puerile timidity, which binds us obedient to forms inimical to the spirit of our interest. On these grounds rebellions are often sanctioned, and revolutions rendered justifiable. If then we would secure to government the permanence of its rule, let the ties of a *common interest* bind around it, and you will oppose to *dissolution* and decay a defence more potent and enduring than the "shield of Brass," and a guard more searching and terrible than the "wall of fire."

SELF-RELIANCE.

That man is by the constitution of his nature fitted rather for dependence in some higher being, than for placing confidence

in his own judgment, is a statement, which we presume none will deny. It is so obvious from our continually recurring experience, so unceasingly thrust upon our notice in the daily workings of our mind, and in our observations of the actions occurring around us, that all must at once admit its truthfulness. There is too a spirit of uncertainty pervading our plans for the future, an unconquerable fear lest the withering hand of an immutable destiny may blast our brightest anticipations, and the bitter pill of certainty poison the long-expected draught, which no calculus of probability can overcome, nor even our confidence in the justice of the Father utterly erase. Whether this fear and uncertainty be co-existent with the human understanding, or merely a consequence of human experience, we leave for philosophers to determine. It is a sufficient proof of the dependence of human nature, no matter whence its origin.

Placed in the situation, which man occupies, how else could he be than dependent? A finite mind, flung into infinity of space, with nought save faith in the experience of his predecessors, and the unchangeable goodness of his Creator to guide its steps. A weak imperfect body, evanescent as the morning's mist, cradled midst "the eternal hills," and hastening through the ever-during universe to its long home in the dust; yet containing in it a soul, that cannot die. Such is man. How then, we ask can he be otherwise than dependent; surrounded as he is by circumstances which he is incapable of comprehending, not even able to explain the phenomena, of his own existence? Or where else can he look, than to some higher power, when all by which he is surrounded, exclaims, "Dust thou art; and unto dust thou must return"; whilst the inward promptings of his spirit tell him, that he is immortal, born for eternity.

Yet, though man is thus dependent in his nature, if we view him in another light, we will see, that self reliance is also essential to his character. For while in comparison with space, Nature, and their Creator, he is but as the worm of the dust; still he is surrounded by those, with whom he is upon an equality: in his transactions with his fellows, it is upon himself, and his own unaided intellect, that he must rely for success. This feel-

ing of mingled dependence on the Almighty, and reliance in their own exertions, has marked the actions of almost all, who have benefitted their race. It is a necessary consequence of a belief in the rectitude of their course. For who can expect the assistance of the Immutably Just, when his actions are opposed to every principle of justice! Or who can place confidence in his own abilities, when he knows, that he is employing them for unjust ends, and feels that the awful face of the Disposer of all things is turned upon him in anger?

This is one of the distinguishing marks between the Revolution, by which our freedom was obtained, and tide of change which deluged France and all Europe in blood. In the one case was a people, who by long suffering, and thinking on the wrongs, had come to the conclusion, that they had a right to enjoy freedom of speech, freedom of thought, and a legal freedom of action—who were firmly convinced, that the God of battles would sustain them in this conclusion: while in the other was a people burdened with far greater injuries, than a foolish ministry inflicted on our forefathers; yet not having a proper appreciation of the magnitude of these injuries, and of course neither relying on God, nor themselves, their actions were undertaken without confidence and without an aim; their freedom of action soon degenerated to license, their religious liberty became atheism, and instead of a republican government, founded on a wide examination of human rights, they erected on the grave of their freedom a frail though splendid monument to one-man power, the short lived empire of Napoleon Bonaparte.

It may be said these different results were produced by a difference in the moral, and intellectual culture of the people, and doubtless this is true. But it must be remembered, that the one is a result of the other—moral and intellectual education being the root, *whence* springs the ever during tree of reliance on God and ourself. To individual success, in all things in which excellence is commendable, self-reliance, and dependence on God are equally as necessary as to national prosperity. Decision of character, the grand foundation of individual enterprise, is the result of this feeling. A man becomes confident, that his

course is the right one—not from crediting the judgment of others, but by a careful examination of the objects, which he has in view, and means which he is employing for their attainment—and then relying on the justice of God, he resolves, that nothing shall check his progress. It is thus that we see men rising from the lower rank of society, and attaining an honorable and useful station among their fellows. Though obstacles may oppose their course, they overcome them; and proceed yet onward and upward: though the frowns of a vain aristocracy, proud of deeds which they never performed, and glorying in blood which honors not their puny bodies, may be bent on the presumptuous intruder; with a firm reliance on his own merit, he flashes back their glance with tenfold scorn, and proudly takes his station far above the point, to which mere hereditary honors may have raised his opponents. Thus did Washington rise from being the son of a Virginia planter to the proud position of a country's preserver, a nation's benefactor. 'Twas his self-reliance that sustained him during our long struggle for existence, that bore him across the frozen Delaware, that sustained him and his men o'er the blood-stained clods of Valley Forge, and that finally after disaster and defeat led him victorious through the streets of Yorktown. Nothing but a firm dependence in the justice of his cause could have taken him through the trials, which he endured—the want of means, the murmurings of his men, and the ill-concerted, suspicious jealousy of Congress, all must have been as so many daggers through his heart. Yet he persevered and conquered.

And thus must every one act, who sets his aim on some worthy mark, and hopes to strike it true. He must let no man be his guide in life. Though he may take instruction from all, who can give it, he must think, as he must act, for himself.

Education can do much, honesty of purpose can assist him even more, firmness in pursuit of his object will help him on; but to insure the prize, he must have more than all these. His firmness *may* be overcome by some unexpected obstacle, his probity *may* meet with some shock which it cannot sustain, and even his education may give his mind the wrong direction for the attainment of the object of his desire; but dependence on

God for the future, and reliance on himself for the present will counteract these evil influences, will renew his firmness, will strengthen his probity, will correct the errors of education, will bear him on to the object of his wishes. and gratify him with the consummation of his desires.

THE LOSS OF FEELING.

"Although, says the myriad-minded Herder, no epitaph or panegyric uses to notice *how long a man has outlived himself*, yet is this one of the most remarkable and not infrequent phenomena in the history of human lives." It is a melancholy spectacle, that of a noble soul bereaved of its attributes, deprived of its essence, withered, wholly withered like the blasted pines of the central Alps, "barkless, branchless, which but supply a feeling to decay," and moving and acting in the great world where all is life and vigor, a forlorn, blighted and comfortless thing—"a thing of dark imaginings," and of wretched thoughts, made thus to be its own tormentor, its own hell. Unhappy indeed must be that soul, whose feelings thus ebb away and finally sink down into the abyss of nothingness, to rise and flow no more forever. "The greatest woe of life," says Festus, "is to feel all feeling die." The man of such a soul is truly the miserable and ill fated man, thoroughly warped in the world's woe, of all others the most deeply imbued with the scorn and hate of his fellow-man, bearing in burning letters on his heart the motto of the old Athenian Timon, Misanthropos. The Manfred of his race, he "bears indeed the aspect and the form of living men," but within no spirit glows, no feelings warm, no passions rouse, for all have raved themselves to rest. He goes about with his living body like the image of his own funeral monument, his spirit gone from him, a shadow and a memory of his former name. The common aims and occupations of life present themselves no more. All the stirring scenes and eventful periods that mark the brow and the character of man, excite

him no mere. No sun of glory shines about his head, no voice shouts excelsior in his ear, no throb of his heart is in unison with nature, "the varied God." One by one his darling visions die as fading hues of even. The splendid sun-rise but betokens a more dark and mournful sun-set. The man still lives in this breathing world after human passions, and human feelings are dead :

"The ruined wall stands, when its wind-worn battlements are gone,
The bars survive the captive they enthrall."

The light of his soul has fled forever, but the physical man breathes. The sun of his mind is hid by black clouds and storms, but the dreary day drags on.

This loss of feeling, this bereavement of the sense of happiness may be traced to various and different causes. With some it is the effect of too free an indulgence in pleasure, hence the "fulness of satiety" that depresses and weighs down their spirits, hence that disgust at the pursuits and enjoyments of men, hence that insensibility to all the beauties of nature, and to all the wonders of the universe. With some it is the effect of disappointment in cherished schemes, when fostered hopes are thwarted and sapped, when tender ties are sundered, and loved friends abandon. "There are some strokes of calamity, that scathe to scorch the soul, that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness, and blast it never again to put forth bud or blossom." In others it is the work of an evil destiny, resulting from a moody texture of soul which is woven for one at his birth, and which like the poison-tinged tunic of Hercules makes the spirit to writhe in agony and finally consumes it with its poignancy of torture. In others again it results from some fell and fiendish purpose, harbored in the heart and rankling in the brain, or from the memory of some horrid and cruel crime, of some fatal and condemning deed. This it is that causes Macbeth in his guilty anguish to cry out "O! full of scorpions is my mind!" and that creates within his bosom all those horrible imaginings he so dreads and at which his spirit so quails and cowers. It is this that converts the "peerless kinsman" into the assassin of a relative king, and that changes him who was "too full of the milk

of human kindness," into the remorseless midnight murderer. It is this that rings in his ears like an alarum-bell, "sleep no more! sleep no more!" In these few words is involved the history of his future career. "His way of life *then falls into the scere, the yellow leaf*," It was such a wicked purpose that infixed in the mind of Goëthe's Faust a disgust for intellectual enjoyment, that led him to study magic, to commune with infernal spirits and finally to forget and barter away his soul to Mephistopheles, and to commence and have a foretaste of hell amid the raging and lashing and turmoil of unbridled passion. He held in the grand reservoir of his mind the giant thoughts, the sublime fancies, the vast and varied learning of the world; but no brilliant conception could gild for a moment the black cloud within, no flashing fancy could illumine his dark and troubled soul, not all his comprehensive and far-reaching knowledge could "give vital growth to the rose again," could breathe into his dull, cold, dead mind the breath of life. He entered the great hall of learning but "to turn his sad face to the wall." He followed with fast and eager feet that great shadow, the desire to know, and it led him to satiety, to mental death.

In the blight of a noble immortal soul, in the dearth, decay and death of its feelings, in the withering of thought and the power of mind, we see something fearfully warning and instructive, we behold a marked, a mournful and a death-mantled monument of erring human nature. From the contemplation of such we should gain a proper appreciation of, and be filled with fervent gratitude for the abilities and mental powers that do still exist within us in all their native force, vitality and vigor. The world knows not half the mental and moral heroism of a truly great man. Mankind see only the little petty opposition of the envious many, and whisper among themselves, if that man bears a great heart within, he stands as secure as did the Israelite of old in the fiery furnace. But they forget that the human mind itself becomes false and treacherous. Misery and care and sorrow eat the heart away, and where then is the principle of power and security to be found? "When the hopes of day are fading into twilight gray," when darling visions die,

and the mind outwardly and to the gazing world is as bold, as fearless and as noble as before, the world should feel and know and admire the nobility of man. Our old mother earth can never understand the mental vigor of her sons. We who seek instruction from the mouldering ruins and crumbling pillars of a city, should learn wisdom from the dead feelings, the broken hearts and the withered souls that have been and are. We should gather strength and activity from them. They should multiply and increase our natural energies as the broken glass does the mortal form. And the mind itself though sacred and blighted, should still struggle to fulfil its high, bright and glorious destiny, never yielding to the world, never forgetful of its immortal principles, but when dangers and difficulties and earthly evils surround it, catching life and strength from the Almighty God should stand calm, peaceful, potent and joyous, a fit emblem and grand representative of Him in whose image it was made, whose breath it is.

TO——

"WE HAVE HAD SOME PLEASANT HOURS TOGETHER."

Oft, when sinks my heart in sadness,
And each vein of feeling chills,
Nothing then but scenes of gladness,
In the Past, its Present fill.

When my heart is sad and lonely,
Cheerless, cold, disconsolate,
From the Past, and from it only,
Beam love smiles, to cheer its state.

In those scenes of hope and lightness,
Dearer to my heart than all,
Wove thyself a dream of brightness,
That has proved my spirit's thrall.

Now I see thee still the fairest,
As I thought thee, by thy side,

And the peerless smile thou wearest,
Dims not in time's ceaseless tide.

I have stood as lost beside thee,
Gazing in thy eye serene,
And thoughts, whose hue allied me,
To the soul, that dwelt within.

Still that eye is beaming on me,
Still my soul is lost in it,
And its mystic charms, that won me,
Round my heart their light emit.

'Twas a lovely thing, to love thee,
And a high hope likest heav'n
Yet to believe no fears could move me,
If a fault, 'twas unforgiv'n.

Let not, then, this lovely dreaming,
Prove the sadness of my heart ;
Let it wear its hopeful seeming,
For its brightness still *thou* art.

Aug. 26th, 1851.

HAMLET.

"THE *pretended* madness of Hamlet causes great mirth."

"Of the *feigned* madness of Hamlet there appears no adequate cause."

"He *plays* the madman most, when he treats Ophelia with so much rudeness, which seems to be useless, and wanton cruelty."

These are some of the sage criticisms which have been made upon the madness of Hamlet. How preposterous, that men endowed with common sense or common feeling could so far forget themselves as to look upon such a character with mirth. On the contrary, every well-constituted mind, instead of feeling pleasure should contemplate Hamlet with peculiar sadness ; and

every sentence that our hero utters, in that state, which these critics are pleased to denominate feigned madness, should touch the heart with peculiar grief.

In this tragedy, which is without doubt a great triumph of the genius of Shakspeare, we perceive a light-hearted, innocent youth suddenly thrown into a state of complicated distress, without a single confidant to whom he could make his feelings known; a loving and indulgent father, the idol of his affections, snatched from him by death, and when he would look to his mother for her tender sympathies, he not only finds her estranged from him, but impiously presenting to his view another as his father. He turns with disgust away. There is but one being left from whom to expect love and consolation; and with a heavy heart he seeks his loved and loving Ophelia, confident that in her heart-felt sympathies he shall find a balm for his poignant distress: but for some unknown reason, she prohibits his approach.

Thus barred out from every source of consolation, it is not natural that he should wish to die, or can we wonder at his thinking, "How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable, seem to me all the uses of this world." "Break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue." Being in forlorn situation, his load of sorrow shut up in his breast, no one upon whom he could lean for support, we can readily imagine him yielding to despondency, even to despair. He knows naught, he cares for naught; but only waits for that "consummation devoutly to be wished," that shall transport him to the presence of his royal father.

While in this listless, helpless, desponding condition, he is informed that the disturbed Spirit of his father, clothed in complete steel, wanders through the silent night: this unexpected intelligence arouses him from his lethargy, and he waxes almost mad to see any-thing, although it be an apparition, that can give knowledge of his long-lost but never forgotten parent. He exclaims, "If it assume my noble father's shape, I'll speak to it though hell itself should gape, and bid me hold my peace."

At length he stands before the Ghost. At the sight of his father's form again, the sorrow-stricken youth would willingly, as of old, rush into his embrace. But that instinctive feeling of

dread, which even his strong affection cannot eradicate, bids him question it—"Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned, bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell; be thy intents wicked or charitable; thou comest in such a questionable shape, that I will speak to thee, I'll call thee Hamlet, father, royal Dane." These endearing words familiarize the idea of the Ghost to his mind; and when the Spirit beckons him apart, as if he alone should be entrusted with the dread secret of its appearing, the loving youth sees only his father, the royal Dane, and not the ghastly form in which he stands. And he goes with it.

Then follows the revelation of that father's unnatural death, and the injunction of revenge. Upon this we see him, who but a moment before was a vacillating irresolute boy, aroused to a state of the greatest excitement, which nothing but the strongest manhood could adequately sustain. In this state of intense feeling, at midnight, alone upon the battlements, with the spirit of a murdered man, we cannot wonder at the extravagance of his oaths, nor at the wildness of conduct shown towards his friends, upon his return from the interview.

The excitement having passed away with the departure of the Spirit, Hamlet finds that he has promised to *perform* deeds, which in his cooler moments he dreads even to *think* of. He has sworn to avenge the murder of his parent, but is in doubt as to the when—where, and manner in which this vengeance is to be taken; he doubts if *this* be the right reason, and then the maddening thought arises, "What if this Spirit I have seen be a devil, which out of my weakness or my melancholy abuses me to damn me." Thus in the strife between his irresolution and his love—in the conflict between conscientious fears, and his sense of duty to a father's memory, into such a turmoil of soul has he been cast, that an actual monomania has settled upon him. He seems to live and to feel a fated man, and like an ancient Sybil, when under the inspiration of a powerful God, he almost bursts with excessive feeling.

From this time we see the innocent youth, (so does the knowledge of crime make old) becoming the ruminating man: he is as

if by himself. "He lives apart from all." He walks the earth not as an actor, but as a spectator. The world is no more the, alluring thing it was; former pleasures delight no more. Hamlet now exists for the accomplishment of his vow, and for that alone. Still alone, and more alone than ever, because weighed down with a load of sorrow and suspense which was daily increasing; while "Lover and friend grew farther from him." Nothing keeps him from falling into a state of entire listlessness again, but that oath which haunts his every moment. He exclaims, "I've sworn it, and I'll do it"—but still in such agony of soul that he recks not, and knows not, *what* he does. Can we not imagine his feelings upon seeing Ophelia. He has broken that part of his vow, wherein he had promised to banish all thoughts and feelings from his mind, save that of revenge. The feelings of his nature have taken possession whether it were not nobler to put an end to all thoughts and feelings, by one daring act, which shall terminate his hatred existence—than thus to suffer. (And here, between his strong desire to slay himself, and his unconquerable fear of an hereafter we see portrayed, that weakness of will—that indecision of character, which seems to rule his every action.) He stands as the undecided suicide, knife in hand, but wanting the courage to strike. When Ophelia approaches him, his devoted love for her returns, and he exclaims, "Nymph, in thy orisons be all my sins remembered." He would fain meet her, as he was wont, lay open his distress; but ere he can follow out the dictates of his heart, he is recalled by the remembrance of the oath that he has already sworn; he feels that he has forgotten its dread demand; every thing, whether thought or feeling, which has transpired since his first knowledge of the crime, rushes with overwhelming force upon him; and then not with a *feigned*, but with a *perfect* madness, banishing all love from his breast, he is seen rending that heart, which he know we prized especially dear.

Now again, awakened to his fatal errand he seeks to prove his victims guilt upon him, in order that he may take speedy retribution. Having adopted the project of the play, he *does* prove him guilty most damnably guilty.

But as before, and throughout his whole subsequent history, we see strong passions working against a very weak will; so now his determination is fully formed, but the spirit of irresolution broods darkly over his soul, and he can not free himself from its fascinating power. When by chance he is brought in contact with the usurper, while upon his knees, opportunity bids him strike, but his will withholds the blow. And now he stands before his mother; he charges her and her adulterous husband, with villainies, with crimes, and at length with murder. Crimes which she had thought buried, until the silent tomb be opened, and the dead arise in judgment, are now charged to her, by her son, and such is the effect, that she entreats him to cease the recital of such black deeds, equalled only by the darkness of that soul which had nursed them so long. Thus was part of his allotted work accomplished; he arouses and (as he thinks) pains his mother; if not with this, his ghostly confidant can be satisfied with naught but blood. Being thus in doubt, he satisfies his doubt, by determining to kill the king; but leaves the times and manner to the course of destiny. "O from this forth my thoughts be bloody or be nothing worth." He consents to his proposed departure for England, in order, that if possible, he may drown all recollection of his native land, in the fathomless waters which will separate him. But in this was he destined to be disappointed; for hardly out of sight of land when captured made prisoner by pirates, he was again landed on the shores of hated Denmark.

Who can imagine the feelings of the sorrow-hunted man, as now snatched from the very jaws of death, he is cast up Jonah-like, upon the land from which he was trying to flee; but not like Jonah, upon a land of hope.

He stands beside an open grave in deep meditation. He heeds not the approaching procession, until they have deposited their sacred burden in its final resting place. He then perceives that the cold earth preserves all that is left of his long-loved, and oft-slighted Ophelia. He is moved by no feigned madness now—no human arm can restrain him now. He might have been mad before, but it was not the distraction of troubled brain.

'tis now the frenzy of a bursting heart ; as springing forward, he seeks to join her in *death*, from whom in *life* he had been severed by a cruel destiny.

In thus striving to unite himself with the dead, he is surprised to feel the rude grasps of the living. 'Tis Laertes, the brother of her whom he had so loved, and yet so wronged ; he grows feeble, and every joint trembles beneath him, while with that feeling of safety, with which Macbeth addresses Macduff, he exclaims, " I prithee take thy fingers from my throat, for there is something dangerous in me."

Then follows a scene, of which imagination wants the framework to paint the picture. The actual world passes from his view ; all earthly sights unseen, all sounds unheard, he is communing with his own dark thoughts, and the pure spirit of Ophelia, which like a guardian angel hovers around him. He is taken from the spot ; the living monument of that grave. The last link in the chain which binds him to earth being broken, his last tie being now severed, to such a pitch of desperation is he wrought, that he determines immediately to stop the life of his fathers' murderer, and the destroyer of his own peace.

While justifying his premeditated course to the eyes of his friend, by recounting the crimes of the Uncle which called loudly for vengeance by the Nephew, he is arrested in his plans by a challenge from Laertes. Too brave to refuse, too noble to suspect, he accepts, and prepares himself for the coming trial.

As he enters the hall wherein they are to play, a presentiment of evil crosses his soul, but it is to the dread conclusion, as a pencil of rays is to the powerful sun, as a drop of gore to an ocean of blood. He is sure that this is the fated *hour*, but leaves the *moment* to Providence ; quieting himself with the assurance, " There is a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow, if it be now, then it will be not to come ; if it be not now, then it will be to come." " We do defy augury."

Thus we are brought to the conclusion of this grand tragedy. Hamlet bravely stands before Laertes, having taken his foil from the number unmarked. But the revengeful Laertes chooses a weapon previously prepared for him, to accomplish a trea-

cherous purpose. They play. Young Hamlet is as yet the victor ; the whole castle resounds with the shout, "long live Hamlet the Dane." The cannon, through the dim vaults echo back vengeance is come ; and ere the receding roar is lost upon the ear King Hamlet's memory is revenged.

For soon being enraged, the combatants join in earnest fight. The sight of blood upon his unsuspecting victim, turns the mind of Laertes from revenge to pity, and seeing too late the villainy to which he has been made an unthinking party, he becomes powerless, while the venomed weapon falling from his grasp, is seized by Hamlet, who uses it upon his treacherous adversary. Finding that his villainy had turned upon himself, and knowing that he must die, Laertes seeks and obtains forgiveness of the noble and unsuspecting Hamlet. In agony both of soul and body, he cries, "Hamlet thou art slain"—"So here I lie, never to rise again ; Thy mother's poison'd ; I can no more ; the king, the king's to blame."

Certain now that the moment of retribution had come summoning all his dying energies, for the fulfilment of that purpose to which he had devoted his life, and with the instrument which had been prepared for his own destruction, Hamlet seals the predestined death of his Uncle.

Thus having concluded the great design for which he had borne a gloomy life : every thing being now accomplished, the generous, brave, but irresolute Hamlet, *gladly lays him down to die.*

PERE LA CHAISE.

The consecrated bounds of burial are the metropolitan walls, to which the living are suburban dwellers. From the voiceless city of death emanates the sanction of law, in the fear of its mysterious awards ; at its silent tribunals are the wronged to find redress and avengement, and its impartial doom shall equalise all that bear the seal of its dominion, the image of clay. Veg-

etation, the green adornment of hill and valley, is the reprisal of dissolving elements that have nourished a former and kindred life; the human frame, "express and admirable," is but converted corruption; and the world, resplendent of the cosmoplastic wisdom and power and beauty of God, sages of standard authority have deemed the reduced and harmonised wreck of an elder son of the morning, and wanderer in the impalpable, but determined and eternal paths of space. So also feeds the mind of the present upon the crumbling systems of the past. And partly we doubt not, from these utilitarian bonds between the vanished, the apparent, the advancing, partly, we defer to general opinion, by reason of a flickering faith "in the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting," partly because mortal love doth so entwine the mortal, partly through a horror of annihilation and oblivion, men are wont to enmarble their memory, and dignify their dissolution with funeral pomp and monumental legacies. Alas and our erring humanity! mind only is eternal: Homer's epic is grand forever: Zoroaster's creed is reverend forever: Egyptian devotion endures in the element of religion which it infused into all succeeding history; but Egyptian pyramids and pillars and obelisks, the seals of memory, are the won trophies of oblivion; and the city of everlasting records and remembrance, as its authors imagined, is the presence-chamber of "cold obstruction," the Necropolis with emphasis, where names and dusts and deeds lie entombed together at Cyrene. As saith the great potentate of rhetoric, Sir Thomas Browne, "Time that grows old itself bids us hope no long endurance, and diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation."

And of that tenebral metropolis and future home of ours, the Grosvenor Square is this *Père la Chaise*, where our fancy's feet are standing. But not all within its gates are the nobility of tombs. At the foot of the ascent on which they lie is the acre of poverty, where her sons and daughters lie buried in ranks, like the husbandman's hillocks of seed-time corn, and a sable crosslet at the head of each, betokens their shadowy hope of a vernal resurrection—hope that the germs thus sown in the clods of corruption, shall bud in transibernal glory to the noon-tide eternity of God.

Next, the section of vagrant Israel. And here doth the solemnity fulfil itself, that among the sepulchral architecture above were frittered into taste or transmuted to disgust. For with the dignity of an emotion corresponds its independence of sense, and this graveyard awe, most reverend, is freest of the external; it needs no foothold but a Jewish cemetery, that in far-winged excursions it shall gather to the spot and convert to its peculiar type the clustered grandeurs and solemnities of Hebrew antiquity. The prospect from the hill is the glittering expanse of Paris, and crowning the summit are the elegancies of her monied mortality: here while you stand, around you are mouldering exiles and outcast Israel in her only home; but you, the immortal, are on more skyward peaks than Pisgah's, great processions pass before your mental vision like the apocalyptic hosts of wrath: the wailing children of the captivity, the ritual bands of sacrifice; the coward archery of Ephraim, and the fierce spearmen of Dan: Jephthah's daughter and her white arms tost in woman's agony: Habakkuk lifting the intonations of vengeance and doom: and above all, three crosses glimmering through a sunless noon and rending sanctities, as the veil of the temple, the womb of earth, the seals of hell: then, two days afterward. Easter dawn and the resurgent star of Bethlehem: finally, the abomination of desolation in the shadow of God, and the sentence of exile setting itself in the skies of Jerusalem, black, gradual, steady as the revelation of a thunder-cloud at sea into what insignificance doth not descend yon tracery of tombs, in whose memorial inscriptions the soul reads a parallel to the burden of Solomon, "emptiness and vanity, all is vanity." The relics of an ephemeral generation are *there*: *here* abides the pathos of centuries, dust linked by the edict of God to the holiest interests of earth. An inverted torch was in the hand of the young impersonation of Grecian death; the certified immortality of inspiration restored and lit it; *there* its unheeded flame hath long expired in giddy lights and unwholesome splendors; *here* its lustre deepens the awe and hallows the gloom, like a swinging cresset in a burial crypt.

Turning from this Pisgah, and from these meditations that

call for tabernacles to abide, we are, as it were, in a cavernous Tophet of tombs; that yawns for the penniless and the friendless and the homeless and the murderer, for any thing that shall rot unvisited nor introduce among that unshriven tenantry, the sanctity of a prayer, the baptism of a tear, the consecrating power of affection's pilgrim thoughts. And as where last we paused, was the centre of radiation that illumined the shadows of antiquity, this, *les Fosses Communes*, is the centre of influx for the streams of horror, and concentrates the myriad crimes and unfathomed agonies of sin-steeped Paris.

But gloomy visions, avault! for we are again upon the heights, among the flowers, among the monuments. Pervades this, of all spots on earth, the deepest poetic apathy; not a solemn, grand or agonising sentiment lurks in all its borders. The idea of an *Elegy* in Père la Chaise, ranks with Vigano's conception, though genius exalted the execution of the ballet of Prometheus Vinc-tus. He, the Titan, he, from imminent thunder and the Miserires of darkling earth, he, from adamantine strongholds of defiance and Godlike dignity of passion, he, the accompaniment of whose memory should be Nilic, palpable darkness and a stave by Beethoven to the words;

"Let the day perish wherein I was born and the night in which it was said: There is a man-child conceived."

"Let that day be darkness, nor the light shine upon it. Let darkness and the shadow of death challenge it; let a cloud dwell upon it; let blackness and eclipses be its terrors."

"Lo, let that night be solitary; let no joyful voice come therein. Let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark; let it look for light, but have none; neither let it see the eyelids of the morning;" he,—O Aesthesia, goddess of proprieties, where slept thine oracles when thy votaries put the last dishonor on his secular brow, scorched his enfeebled eye with scenic glare, and mocked his suffering majesty by tiptoe *danseuses* "kickin' up ahin' an' afo'."

Of individuals entombed, we say nothing; of some, because they deserve no mention; of others, because their tents are pitched in the hearts of all men. And high over all these

dreams, a hand limns the stern demand, but sweet to an immortal in its sternness as the trumpets of battle salvation—"Man giveth up the ghost and *where is he?*" It were hard to believe in a monumental significance; it were hard to believe that angels look with sorrow on the decaying frame, as on the lapse of a soul to ruin; it were hard to believe that their complacency rests upon a marble mausoleum, as when a man builds his benevolence or his heroism into the skies; for then had this vile body concernment with eternity, and these resolving elements of clay, a potency over a spiritual immortality. It is not so. To the *living* man, there is no meaning in the "stones of darkness and the shadow of death;" for the earnestness of life absorbs his soul, and the sweet vision of life sleepless and eternal, quenches the dream of transition. Man, one half corruption and ashes, one half a deathless essence that shall survive annihilated suns, and smile at the last eclipse of stars, and co-exist with the throne of God—in respect of the nothingness of the one, or the divinity of the other,—what relation to him have sculptured piles and gallant obsequies? Of the mortal that saith to the worm: "My mother and my sister," why perpetuate the dishonor? and the immortal soul in bodiless glory, crying, "What unto me is this quintessence of dust?" And what hath either to do with that ideal "repose," so often the theme of sentiment and song? for lo! the body's repose is rottenness, the soul's is swift-winged service, and planetary wheelings of the intellect through infinity. Repose! Far more consonant with the legitimate majesty of man to shed his unurned ashes on the waves, or give to the free, unslumbering minds the partner of the spirit that is now free, unslumbering forever. "To live again, being not only an hope, but an evidence, in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St. Innocent's churchyard, as in the sands of Egypt. Ready to be anything in the ecstasy of being forever, and as content with six feet as with the moles of Adrianus."

POLITICAL INFATUATION.

"Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad." From those who possess but a partial glimpse of truth, we can expect no maxim or general principle to emanate which shall be wholly and entirely true. In one sense the heathen proverb quoted is correct. They had perceived in certain individuals, such unaccountable perverseness, such deafness to reason, and such utter recklessness of their dearest interest, that they could not help but consider them as devoted to destruction. But they erred in this; that they attributed this judicial blindness to the intervention of higher powers or of destiny.

But when we reflect upon the wholly unaccountable manner in which men of the greatest promise, in the face of advice, experience and common sense, thus boldly plunge into the abyss of ruin, and, as it were, commit a moral suicide, we cannot blame the ancients for a mistake, into which they were most naturally led. In individuals this is a species of insanity, but unfortunately it is not confined to individuals. A disease, contagious as the small-pox, it is more malignant in its effects; for whole nations are its prey. There is a consumption of nations as deadly and as incurable as that which fastens on the vitals of individuals; like that, it seizes the most robust, and those of fairest bloom. The difference is, that the one is only death temporal and individual; the other is death, moral, social and political. We read in history of great and learned and civilized nations; we admire the prowess of their warriors, the wisdom of their statesmen, their glory in peace, and their magnificence in war; we read on and we hear of their sudden and rapid decline, soon after of their mysterious and stupendous fall. With emotions of regret and wonder, we seek the causes of their fall, and in nearly every case, history points us to Political Infatuation. A Proteus of a thousand forms, it can adapt itself to every age, every clime and every custom. There seems to be a canker-spot, deep-rooted in the great heart of society, which is ever ready, on the slightest irritation, to break forth into festering, fatal inflammation. In some cases, the cause of this

political infatuation may be traced to the innate pride of man. That same demon pride, which has hurled a Satan from his seat in heaven, now dwells, an hereditary curse, within the human heart. It haunts a nation at its every turn; whispers in its ear the syren song, flits before its sight, the dazzling phantom of glory, and at the consummation of its ruin, points out its error, while it chuckles over its fall. Forty centuries ago, a nation wise, powerful and populous, a nation to which civilization is indebted for its just impulse, inhabited the fertile valley of the Nile. Twenty thousand chariots of war thundered from her hundred gated Thebes, her victorious Sesostriis, with a million of her warlike sons, made the first conquest of the earth. But she proudly said: "My river is mine own, I have made it for myself, I will go up and cover the earth, I will destroy the cities and the inhabitants thereof." Infatuated Egypt! Her pyramids still stand, remnants of her boasted grandeur; everlasting monuments of the insane pride of man, and the vengeance of the Almighty. Assyria, Babylon, Palmyra, Tyre, all sleep, in their silent sepulchres, and on their tomb-stones the traveller may read: "Victims of national pride and political infatuation."

Go! proud philosopher, thou who boastest of the might of human reason, go, turn to the history of unfortunate Israel, and as thou sheddest the tear of pity on the blood-stained page which marks her melancholy fate, let thy cheek burn with the blush of humanity, and learn to despise the suicidal madness of thy race. A people, enjoying above all others, marks of God's peculiar favor, and given by him as fair a land as ever was blessed by the smiles of plenty, they constantly "stiffened their necks and hardened their hearts," and proved themselves every way unworthy of his goodness. Assured that if they continued to acknowledge the Lord as their God, they would be forever invincible to their foes, and that "one man of them should chase a thousand," we see them returning from a victory, won beneath the banner of Jehovah, bowing the knee in adoration to the faithless idols of defeated Amalek. Infatuation such as this marked their whole career, and when at last they dragged their incarnate God to the halls of Pontius Pilate, and raised

the insane shout of "crucify him, crucify him!" with their own hands they set the seal to their warrant of damnation.

Greece too, and Rome, nurseries of bravery, native soils of science, poetry and art; their classic shades were not too sacred for the intrusion of this monster of infatuation, they, too, have fallen victims to its poisonous breath; and nought of them now remains but an empty name, "to point a moral, or adorn a tale."

The history of the past is its legacy to the present. It is only as we turn to our own advantage the experience of generations that have gone, that we of the present age can prove ourselves wise or foolish. To profit by the good example and take warning from the follies of our predecessors, is no more than should be expected of us; to neglect to do so, is to prove ourselves mad indeed. Measured by this standard, to what amounts the boasted progress of modern times? Men are now living who saw the most refined and enlightened nation of modern Europe, suddenly plunging into an atrocious depth of crime, folly and confusion, the mere sight of which would make a savage shudder. Yes; France, polite and glorious France, suffered herself to be led on by this same phantom of infatuation, which in her case assumed the shape of liberty, and in the mad pursuit she rushed to the very verge of a political grave. With a reckless hand she opened wide those dreadful flood-gates, which let in a torrent of blood, that swept away her proudest fabrics. True, the Bastille fell, but in its place there sprung up, like a mushroom of the night, the gory guillotine.

Thus it has always been, and thus, perhaps, it will ever be. Since the creation of man, political infatuation has ever been the relentless foe of human happiness and liberty, it has always proved triumphant, and probably always will. The evil lies in the heart of man, in his ingratitude, his forgetfulness of the blessings he enjoys. Well is it for mankind that there is an Omnipotent arm that holds by unalterable laws the elements, the seasons, and the universe. Else, perhaps, some aspiring genius would have plucked the sun itself from heaven, and called upon his fellow man to look for light to some miserable taper of

his own invention. Well then may a suffering world expect some *Œdipus* to arise, to solve the fatal enigma of political existence, and exterminate this spring of destruction. All eyes are now directed to the western world as the quarter from whence to expect the destined deliverer, and in the birth of America was hailed the regeneration of mankind. Yet even now, popular fanaticism and sectional prejudice, are busying themselves in the infamous attempt to sap the foundations of those glorious bulwarks, in which every true American so confidently trusts, so proudly boasts. It was a beautiful classical allegory, which represented the goddess *Astrœa*, the personification of justice, as deserting a world in which her blessings were not appreciated, her authority held in contempt, and soaring above to her place in heaven, where she coldly smiles upon mankind, a brilliant but distant constellation. Heaven forbid that man should likewise witness the apotheosis of reason. May she not rather stay among us to combat her own, and man's greatest foe, and at last forever establish her throne on the complete and final downfall of political infatuation !

THE INDIAN EXILE.

Go mark him as he wanders forth ; how slow
He wends his steps ; and oft turns back, and sighs,
Whilst gazing on the scene that lies below.
Far down in yonder glen he sees his hut,
Where once a wife, and children, welcomed him
When evening toil or hunt was o'er. No smoke
Is curling from its thatched roof ; the deer
That once so timid are feeding in the yard,
The birds though singing loud and high, awake
No answer in his troubled heart. The dove
That coos so plaintively upon yon oak
Seems as though it mourned from sympathy.
The streamlet wending on amongst the stones
Has changed its merry ripple till it seems
As though 'twould wash away the pleasant hours
And lend its voice to drive him from his home.

Peace, joy and happiness forever lost,
He goes to find a quiet spot far off,
Where he may lay him down unwept to die.
The glorious sun rose bright and clear for him
From out the bosom of the eastern wave ;
At mid-day shone with all its radiant light ;
And now it quickly sinks into the west,
Without a tear to bathe its fallen pride,
Or sigh that it shall never rise again.
Far out in western wilds, where desert sands,
On our bright continent alone are found,
They have marked him out a home ; here hemmed in
By armed men ; whilst rivers run around ;
And mountains tower their shaggy sides o'en to
The boundary line, they let him roam at will.
Here he may watch the bison, and the deer,
And hear those birds their evening anthems sing,
That fear to wing their flight upon the waste.

'Tis here the Indian brings his fallen pride,
The eagles plume has fallen in the dust ;
The noble tuft has chang'd to hoary locks,
The heart that once beat high with pride, and joy,
Will soon ne'er beat again : not very long
The body gives forth life when soul is dead.
Tis here the chief has laid him down to die,
E'en now the spirit of his Fathers call
The old man home.

And as he slowly cast
For the last time his eyes upon the sun,
That seems to wait his coming in the sky,
A world of thought is flitting through his brain,
Whilst thus he pours his lamentations forth.

"Aye set thou golden flood of light, grow dim
And dark ; thy sons have pass'd their days of joy,
They need no lamp to lead them o'er this waste.
Upon the Plymouth rock, their Fathers saw
Thee rise from out the wide and troubled sea ;
And bear with thee, the ark of slaving chains ;
Their sons shall see thee sink into the west,
Yet giving light to those, who follow them to death."
And as the planet sunk beneath the wave,
The film of death gather'd o'er the old man's eyes,
As calm and softly as the evening shadows
Creeping o'er the scene at close of day.
All earthly cares for him are at an end ;
He roams in happy hunting grounds above.

He has gone to the land where his Fathers dwell,
He fell with few to mourn him,
Death gently sent his welcome knell,
And in royal robes adorns him.
He saw his crown, a nation's fame,
Laid low beneath the sod;
His noble heart was broke with shame,
He has gone to meet his God.

LIFE'S GLORY BUT FOR A DAY.

Ages ago, in an eastern country there lived a man whom the world called great. He dwelt in magnificent palaces adorned with all the rich and luxurious productions of the golden east. A vast empire owned him for its lord, and ministered to his comfort; multitudes of the great and noble waited at his board and called themselves honored by his smile: poets and scholars danced attendance on his bounty and in sycophantic strains hymned his praises. His smile was life, his frown death. Nor was his fame confined to one land alone; other lands heard of his grandeur and wisdom, and brought their homage and their wealth to lay them at his feet. But in the midst of all this splendor his unsatisfied spirit was not at rest. He knew that a time would come when he would be obliged to lay aside his gorgeous robes and shroud himself in the humble habiliments of the tomb. He therefore called to his aid, the arts to assist him in rearing for himself an imperishable monument which would tell of his glory and renown when ages had rolled their successive billows over his sleeping head. To this end he collected the wealth and slavery of his vast domain and in the bowels of the earth laid the deep foundations of a mausoleum whose sculptured head was bathed in the clouds of heaven. When he had done this and much more like this he died. A nation followed him to his resting place; over an empire for thirty days and thirty nights, the sound of joy and feasting was hushed and the voice of mourning alone was heard. When men were told that he was dead, they wondered that one so great as he should ever die. They had for-

gotten that pale death with equal feet beats at the gates of royal palaces and humble cots. For a while they talked of his magnificence, and lamented that so luminous a sun had sunk to rest; for a while the funeral harp continued to weep a death dirge over his departed glory but then the cankering hand of time swept over that harp, and the last moan that escaped from its shattered cords bore into oblivion the memory of the great man. He had lived for fame; he had hoped that his renown would be wafted down the stream of time until swallowed up in the ocean of eternity; he had fondly dreamed that his slumbers in the grave would be sweetened by the wonder and praises of all succeeding generations. But alas, hardly had his bones decayed ere his name was heard no more on the lips of men, and now even the foundations of his city are unknown. True his majestic pyramid still stands, the clouds still circle its top, and the winds still rage against its breast, but in their ceaseless moanings they breathe no sound of his name who reared that massive pillar to perpetuate his renown. Thus passeth the fashion of this world. What profit is it to gain a renown that reaches to the stars, what to have conquered nations, to have founded cities, to have won the numberless titles with which fickle fortune crowns her votaries, or even to have been gazed at and admired by the world as learned and wise? in the dim distance of ages the brightest sun will dwindle to the faintest light of a twinkling star, or fade forever from the horizon of glory. The fame of this world can neither bring unalloyed pleasure during life, nor give solace in the grave, nor confer eternal happiness on the soul.

Then is there no use in toil and manly exertion.

Listen to the history of another. In a western land and in a lowly dwelling whose brightest ornaments were humble hearts, was reared a youth around whose cradle beamed no halo, save that created by a pious mother's tears and prayers. He never dreamed of wealth and fame; he never hoped that a marble monument would cast its shadow o'er his tomb, or that after his death men would talk of his wondrous deeds and point to his name as a school-boy's model. But he had higher and nobler thoughts. Though he walked in the vale of humility yet his

young heart was almost bursting with lofty aspirations. He heard of a kingdom more glorious than earth's richest inheritance which he might win, of powers and principalities which would be his equals, and above all of a transcendantly glorious being who would be his brother and Saviour, and when he heard this his heart burned within him and he almost wished to leap over the intervening time and seize the precious inheritance. He heard too of this Saviour's love and condescension, how he left his throne and wept through an earthly existence to win for him a seat at his right hand. And when he heard this he panted to imitate such an example and perform some such deeds of love. He then heard of a people who knew nothing of this glorious Redeemer, but who bowed their heads to the sun and moon and stars, which he had been accustomed to look upon as nothing more than the glittering harps that rung a perpetual chorus of praise to his and their Maker. Henceforth he resolved to give them some of his heavenly knowledge. This resolution strengthened with his growth and when he had buckled on manhood's vigor, he bared his brow to the wind and storm, and struggled with his precious casket of celestial jewels to that very eastern clime where ages ago the great man died. But in a short time the wild savage killed him, and a faithful follower scooped a place at the foot of the great man's pillar, and laid him down to rest; then with a tear of sorrow turned away; a simple flower as if in pity for his fate sprung up and wept awhile over his grave, but soon the frost of winter nipped its head and the young christian missionary rested none knew where. *His* name too is forgotten, the scroll that contained the record of his few deeds is lost, and though not many years have lapsed, few know that such a man ever lived and suffered. Then was *his* labor in vain? did he cherish his bright hopes for naught? did he bury his young head in a martyr's grave only to be lost in oblivion?

We know no more of his history, but faith tells us that he went from the foot of that man's pillar to partake of his long hoped for inheritance—that the fame denied him on earth had preceded him there, and that as he approached the eternal city, the voices of angels bade him a glorious welcome to his kingdom.

INTELLECTUAL EQUALITY.

We look upon the physical creations of God, and see them different in their formation, in their manner of life, and in their very equality. On examining yet more closely the members of the different classes, into which these works are divided, we find that they differ almost as much from one another, as they do from the other classes. This difference is found to commence with their existence, and is of course independent in some measure, of the circumstances, in which they are placed. It is found in every creation of the material world, and we would naturally expect, that the same difference would exist in the immaterial, the mental world.

And this analogy does seemingly exist. Men have different moral and mental, as well as different physical capacities. But the analogy is not perfect; there is a break in the chain, which would connect the material, and the immaterial world in this particular. True there is great diversity in the mental powers of different individuals; but it does not exist from their birth, as it does in the creations of the material world. There is no diversity starting from our birth, or in other words, no original difference, in the minds of men.

The production of the second mind, originally different from the first, would have been an unnecessary display of the divine power. For although it is necessary, that there should be some distinction in the mental powers of different individuals, as well as in their physical abilities; yet this distinction, as we will hereafter show, might have been obtained more easily, than by the creation of those powers originally different; and of course it would be in some degree, an unnecessary exercise of power thus to create them. Now God never employs his power unnecessarily; so he did not create the mind of the second man different from that of the first. And the same argument would hold good for the third, and every succeeding man. The irresistible conclusion from these considerations is, that there is no original difference in the minds of men.

To this argument it may be objected, that there is an assumption in it, which would destroy its whole force. For, if the creation of the mind of the second man different from that of the first, was an unnecessary display of power; was not the forming of his body, with some of its powers developed in a greater, and others in a less degree, than in the first man, equally unnecessary? And since God is continually using his power unnecessarily in forming the physical portion of man, why may he not do the same thing in creating his spiritual elements?

This is a strong objection; but it arises from a misconception of the analogy between the body and the mind. The one,—the body, is material, and of course cannot exist without some form, which must be in a great degree permanent. Now since variety seems to be one of the great laws of nature, the bodies must be created different from their very birth.

But the mind is immaterial, and can, and *does* exist without definite form; yet capable of taking on almost any shape. In the new-born child, the mind must exist, yet we see no evidences of its action. When the babe first opens its eyes, it must see the objects by which it is surrounded; for they are faithfully depicted on the retina; yet it manifests not the slightest perception of the difference in their appearance. It hears the most discordant, and the most melodious sounds with equal indifference. And how can this be accounted for, except on the supposition, that the mind is as yet entirely incapable of perception? It cannot be, that the animal function is not rightly performed; for in this respect it is as perfect as the full grown man. It cannot be, that the mind is not there; for if it is not there at that period; how will it make its appearance there afterward? Then the mind at this period has no distinctive form. Yet it must possess the same element in every one; for if it does not, each mind would be in some degree, a new creation. The different degrees of development, which these elements attain, can only be accounted for by the action of some cause, brought to bear upon them after birth.

We are aware, that there will be great disinclination to admit the truth of this conclusion; although the premises, from which

it is deduced, may be undeniable. For it is so comforting to persons not inclined to action, to say, when some one else surpasses them. 'Oh! he has a *talent* for that study or pursuit!' that they will never give up their belief in the existence of genius; even though their understanding may be convinced of the utter fallacy of such a belief.

One of the objections most frequently raised by the opponents of the theory under consideration is, that it will not bear the test of experience: we observe a marked difference in the minds of men; some excel in one pursuit, some in another; some have one faculty fully developed, while others have the opposite in a state of predominance.

But this objection arises wholly from a misconception of the nature of our proposition. It was not, that there is no difference in the minds of men, but that there is no *original* difference, no difference existing from their birth. And viewing the question in this light, the objection under consideration does not serve in the least to disprove the validity of our conclusion.

Here the question arises, if there is no *original* distinction, how does it happen, that there is *in after life* such a marked difference in the minds of men? How is this difference caused? There is a theory, which completely, and conclusively answers every case of seeming genius. It is a theory too so simple, that none can deny its possibility, so capable of producing its effect, that none can question its plausibleness. What can be more simple than the supposition, that the circumstances in which one is placed, affect his mental capacities? They are seen to have this effect on all other things, and why not on this one too? The seed is, in a great measure, dependent on the soil, in which it is placed, for the qualities which it afterwards shows; and equally dependent is the mind on the circumstances, which surround it, for the cast which it is to receive through life. We will venture to say, that all the remarkable virtues and vices, that have adorned or stained the characters of the great ones of this world, may be traced to the influence of some little unnoticed, perhaps imperceptible incident in their early life.

There is only one case, in which this theory of the action of

circumstances will not be sufficient to account for the difference in the minds of men; and that is, when God, for some particular purpose, has seen fit to exercise his miraculous power by conferring gifts of different sorts upon the men, by whom he affects this purpose. Such are the gifts conferred upon the Apostles of our Lord, and upon numerous others, who are mentioned in the Holy Scriptures. But this, it will be seen at once, is a case that cannot be brought under any rule. It is the exercise of God's miraculous power for a particular purpose; and can no more be ascribed to genius, than it can to the action of circumstances.

But it may be said, that even granting all that we wish to prove—granting that there is no original difference in the minds of men: still since their minds are so much under the influence of circumstances, since these circumstances begin to act before they are at all under their control; what difference does it make to them, whether there is any original variety in their mental capacities, or not? What is the practical bearing of the subject?

To this question, we reply that, if the subject were generally looked at in the light, in which we have viewed it, there would be an end of the principal excuse urged by those, who seem to wish to get a good education without any application to study. If you ask such an one, 'Do you wish to get a good education?

'Certainly I do,' is the answer, 'why else should I make the attempt? 'Then my dear friend, why do you not apply yourself to certain studies? They certainly are necessary to form a well educated man.'

'O yes! I acknowledge all that; but then I have no talent for those studies,—my genius 'does not run in that line.' And with this thought he consoles himself for his deficiency.

Now if it were generally acknowledged, that there is no such quality as genius; and that the circumstances, by which our minds are shaped, do not cease to act until they are a great measure under our control; this subterfuge for laziness would be removed, and there would be no alternative, but to act, or acknowledge our want of application. And this applies not only to education, but to every operation of the mind.

There is another class, to whom this manner of viewing the question is yet more important. We have acknowledged, that circumstances begin to exercise their influence on our minds before we have them at all under our control. Yet there are those, who can in a measure regulate the circumstances, by which we are surrounded.

They are the ones, who first have us under their charge; they the ones, who watch our infant movements, who keep from us every visible agent of injury; and since these, our parents, are so particular to guard us from every harm, which they perceive; if they knew that our temporal and eternal welfare depended on the circumstances by which we are surrounded in infancy, and early childhood; would they not watch carefully our habits? would they not choose well our companions? and use every means in their power, so to form and mould these circumstances, that they would produce good men, good citizens, and good christians.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

DEAR READER :

After much trouble and some delay we have prepared and spread before you this humble repast. We respectfully request, that you will make yourselves "at home" around the Table or take the *table* (or several of them, if you wish) to your homes in College, and while you freely *indulge* yourselves, don't forget to offer a small portion of the "same blessing" to the frugality of the *meal*. We are not in the habit of writing Editor's Tables often, and in the blunders of the first attempt, a fellow, might feel some apprehension of falling *under* the Table or rather of having "the Table turned on him." However this may be, look charitably, keep in mind our first request, if you would escape the Poet's reach

"Who ne'er unlocks with *silver* key
"The *milder* treasures of his soul,
"May such a *friend* be far from me,
"And ocean's storms between us roll."

So say we. There is some *truth* as well as poetry in that. It contains some

precious *metal* too. Scripture now and then, teaches some lessons (important of course, pity they ain't better learnt) the following of which we quote for the benefit of those who seldom refer to that volume. "Some received *wisdom*, some knowledge, some prophecy &c," and (some I s'pose didn't get anything, or didn't keep it long) which literally interpreted means, that "what is, is right" and he who goes "agin natur," shall not go without his reward. Which is to say that whosoever received not the "gift of wit" and yet attempts to be *witty*, shall be ridiculous. Well if the Faculty of wit and that other (I reckon we had better call it) *facility* of being ridiculous were the same "in effect" though not "in fact" Editor's Tables might find a respectable seat in Doctor's shops, valuable as text books to valetudinarians. They would, we doubt not, prove popular with some of our acquaintances as aids to *digestion* and *appetite*, (doubtful about the latter) if there is anything *healthy* in a hearty *laugh*.—If such was the case, Dr. Reader, the present No., of the Magazine might probably surpass its predecessors in extent of circulation, and the Editor have the consolation of knowing, (what some never did or will we fear) that he had served *one* useful purpose. But as this cannot be, we resigned to our fate, yield reluctantly to the truth of the Rev. Jedediah's comment, "Whom He hath, He will." This being the case, we must take a new course, a "strike" for higher wages. It has been hinted by some of our predecessors that Editors (like all parents) feel a particular affection for their *first born*, especially if it is likely to be their *last* also. Well this is all easy and natural enough. But "circumstances alter cases" and when this young one slides off from home to make "acquaintances with strange faces," runs against that "long finger" of ridicule—loses his *centre* of gravity, falls rather *disgracefully* on the floor and suddenly rises (through the aid of some *friendly* hand) to the undisturbed *elevation* of the shelf—then "natur" looks cross-eyed—then comes a small "tug." Hard fate! "Every rose has its thorn," and what's worse the thorns outlast the sweetness of the rose. "Each pleasure hath it's poison too, &c," but there's no use in getting poetic about it. Speaking of poetry reminds us of the "inspiration" of one of our *numerous* correspondents. We will *forestall* your opinion, before it (does)—with a remark from an able and acute observer of how things work in this little world. "Literature has *quacks* and they are of two kinds—one has erudition without *genius*, the other, volubility without *depth*," from the former we get second-hand sense, from the latter original nonsense," here's a sample

INSPIRATION.

BY A SENIOR! EHEW!

"A veil, a cloud, a dark obscurity,
 "O'er hung my mind as with serenity
 "I puffed one night a stump half gone,
 "And hummed to myself a good old song."

We have authentic accounts of a people who followed the guidance of "a cloud by day" to quite a happy destination. But they spelt their "cloud" in

a different way from our Poet, and that *orthographic* variation is some proof of his progress towards "the land of *his promise*"—"dark obscurity." We are inclined to think the poet will "change his tune" after *puffing* one night, on that "stump half-gone." He continues thus,

"I mused—Greek roots, parabolas hexameters, and speeches,
Before me rose, with maids in breeches,
The shadowy shades of well known foes,
'Mid the smoke that circled round my nose."

I seized a pen, and virgen sheet,
Swore a speech I'd do complete,
Plunged my fist deep in my hair,
But found alas! it was not *there*."

Strange his friends could'nt have informed him of that fact and saved him the trouble of that "plunging" experiment. As our *ideas* come by *experience*, it is to be hoped our poet received at least *one* and that the "falling wool" was not in vain. With the above specimens (of what man may do,) we received a note expressive of more Senioric ease and dignity, than the effusion itself will justify, or could have *inspired*. With a carelessness genius-like (!) and an air of imperturbable gravity the poet requests; "If your own experience suggests any additions, alterations or amendments, make them if you like." Yes sir, well the "first suggestion of our experience" in the shape of "additions" was that it would prove a considerable "addition" to that mass of matter which sometimes "comes in at one door" meets with a *very warm* reception, and elated by *success-ful inspiration*, "calf-like," takes a sort of "*heaven-ward*" direction through the wide expanse of the chimney-top and very quietly follows the "way of all" *light and dry pieces* of Fresh composition. Peace to its ashes! "*Quieta ne movete*." Our suggestions in "alterations and amendments" deeply sympathise with the bereavement of him, who has "veiled" his spelling book with "a cloud, a dark obscurity, a shadowy shade" and so on. "By a Senior"—that's malice a fore-thought—it's slander—it's a trick of a very "*low Class*." He may be a "Senior" if so, he ought to be *refreshed* immediately. But let him travel "there's two ways" of getting into a field of corn, a potato patch &c., and so it is with "the field of *im-mortality*" some *under*, some *over* the fence—some go *down* to H—, and some go *up* to H—n. We wish him the good luck of reaching the *latter*.

The "Muse of Old Nassau," we are sorry to say, is very slimly represented in these pages. According to Aristotle, poetry is an imitative art. So is music and we suppose the modesty of the delicate muse forbade her appearing in concert with "the soft cadence" of the Locusts and the melody of a still *softer*, (being *newly-formed*), band of minstrels who can "beat the Jews" on their own instrument of music—the *Harp*. We hope "the old muse" is not in an imitative mood at present or if she is—that she will make improvement upon the *original* in one particular at least, and not be quite so profuse in "*dis-course* of sweet harmonies." We don't mean to say, that she has

been too lavish in her contributions to this, or any other. No. Not at all. She is on the other extreme, (silence.) A song or two is mighty good company along this *prosy* road, and a little "spicy wit" sprinkled over these substantial would not have been any ways *offensive* to the taste of even the most fastidious. Why didn't some of you get witty! Out of your superabundance of "cute sayings," frisky little *puns* and laughable *stories* couldn't spare us enough for seasoning! The incidents of a few weeks past (we witnessed a few ourselves) had they been presented to a witty genius, would doubtless, have crowded one more interesting volume into our "library of humorous reading." Be assured, Reader, you are under many obligations to our inability, for the salvation of your breeches buttons at least, if not for the integrity of your lateral hide. We are pleased to notice so large an accession to our College this term. We hope the "Nassau Magazine" will soon recognize them in the *weight* of their contributions, both literary and *pecuniary*. Here's a chance to do good, make her your pride, she'll make you her story. "A word to the wise is sufficient." A word then to our *numerous* correspondents,---a little more interest in the Nassau Literary, won't hurt you or it materially. Try your hand, therefore, for our successors.

We leave you, Reader, to make the most of the *best* we could give you, and assure you, we leave the Editorial sanctum with the faded image of glory gone flitting around us. "All's well that ends well" says a great man; judge ye, then of the *health* of this No.

EDITOR.


EXCHANGES.

We have duly received four No.'s of the Yale Literary, two No.'s of the Georgia University, two of the Erskine Miscellany and the regular No.'s of the Boston Evening Gazette,---good all.

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